

BEAUTY—The Most Beautiful Girl in the "400" to Marry One of the Millionaire Baring Bankers.—Baring-Churchill—And by Her Marriage Is Likely Some Day to Be Cousin to the Prince of Wales.—MILLIONS.

ON October 24 New York is to have another great international wedding. It is to take place in St. Thomas's Church, in Fifth avenue, the church where little Consuelo Vanderbilt became the Duchess of Marlborough, and where Pauline Whitney became one of the famous English family of Pagets—the Great Church 'Round the Millionaires' Corner. This wedding will reverse the usual order of Anglo-American marriages. It will unite English millions to American beauty, instead of English barons to American millions. The bride will be Miss Marie Churchill, the acknowledged "beauty" of the "400." The bridegroom will be Mr. Harold Baring, of the world-famous house of English bankers. It is an interesting fact that since the days of Washington British Barings have married American girls. They have all been real love marriages—unions of brains and beauty.

By this marriage another strong social factor will be added to the distinguished Anglo-American alliance of English men with American wives. Miss Churchill has been notably admired in England during her visits there—for her beauty, her brilliancy and her charm of manner. In London society they call her "The Gibson Girl."



MR. HAROLD
BARING
THE
BRIDEGROOM



MISS
MARIE CHURCHILL
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WOMAN
IN THE "400"



PRINCESS
VICTORIA
OF
WALES

one of the great "catches" in England, and the dowagers are really distressed to see an American girl carrying off such a prize, with nothing in the world to give for it but her youth and her beauty.

There is a pretty little romance of heredity behind all this pretty little modern love story. Way back in the seventeen hundreds one of the Barings came to America to see how things were looking in His Majesty's provinces of North America. He met one Mr. George Washington, of Virginia, and struck up a great friendship with him. Before he went to England he did just what his father had adjured him by all the laws of obedience not to do—he fell desperately in love with an American girl. She lived in Philadelphia, and she was called the beautiful Miss Ringham.

When the Baring of the seventeen hundreds went home he took a pretty little American wife with him, and she so completely won the heart of the elder Baring that he forgot all about the fine, old-fashioned fit of fury he had been promising himself, and made a great favorite of the little colonist.

Forty years ago another Baring came to America. He was the grandson of the man who was a friend of Washington. He fell in love with a Miss Susan Mintram, of New York, and he took an American bride home. He is dead now, but his widow, the pretty American, as she has always been called, is rejoicing at the thought of an American daughter-in-law.

Mr. Harold Baring is hardly known in America, and his English friends thought he was in a fair way to forget the example of his fathers and keep his name and his fortune for an English girl.

The wedding is to be October 24 at St. Thomas's, in Fifth avenue. Miss Churchill brought her trousseau in Paris. Her wedding dress is very simple and severely plain. It is of white silk, cut en princesse, with a narrow sweeping train, high neck and clinging sleeves. There is a cloud like flounce of old lace to "fill out" the sweep at the bottom of the skirt. Miss Churchill is extremely fond of white, and many of her trousseau gowns are absolutely without a touch of color.

The international marriage is becoming such an everyday affair now that there is scarcely a ripple of comment on this side of the water when an American girl goes to England to reign in the most exclusive set there.

The greatest names in England to-day are borne by American women.

The Duchess of Marlborough wields an influence which is almost inconceivable here. So does Mrs. George Curzon, Lady Curzon now, wife of the Viceroy of India. She is entitled to almost royal honors, and her court in India will be one of the most splendid in the world. She is an American girl. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is said to wield tremendous influence in colonial affairs, and Lady Randolph Churchill's lightest nod has set English politicians to whispering.

Now Miss Churchill goes to hold the destiny, perhaps, of the banking Barings in the hollow of her little palm.

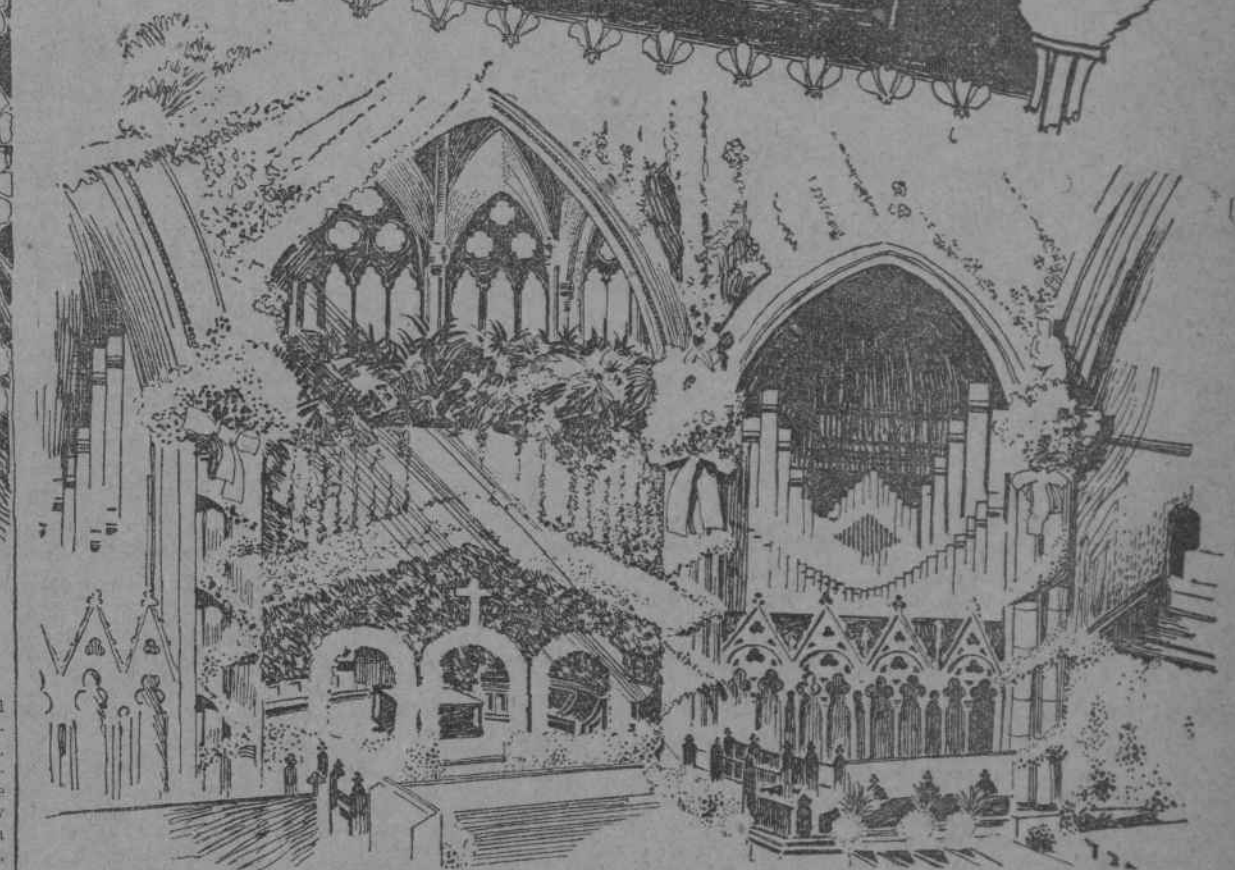
Transatlantic-American marriages have been for the most part very unhappy.

The American girls who married continental titles have many of them lived to regret the day, but the Anglo-American marriages, however, have been wonderfully free from all after-bitterness in any way.

And when Princess Victoria of Wales marries Lord Revelstoke—and she declares she will never marry anybody else—Miss Churchill, as one of the Baring brides, will be by relationship very near to the royal family itself.



THE
PRINCE
OF
WALES.



THE INTERIOR OF ST THOMAS'S IN FIFTH AVE. WHERE THE WEDDING WILL TAKE PLACE.

was highly satisfactory. A basin was lined with dry grass, leaving a clear space in the middle, upon which the scorpion was placed. The grass was then set fire to, and the beast, frightened by it, dashed from side to side, slugging his claws the while. Finding that escape was hopeless, he curled his tail up, stung himself in the back of the neck, and was dead in less than two minutes.

The scorpion and the tarantula—or Abu Shubad, as the Arabs call him—respectively each other in many respects. They are wound which often has fatal results.

SOCIETY is in love with a love match. Miss Marie Churchill and Mr. Harold Baring are the lovers, and all the Four Hundred are rushing to the jewellers to get love knots and Cupids and bows and arrows, set, somehow, somewhere, upon every present that's going to the international wedding.

Miss Churchill is just about the prettiest girl in society, and she is and always has been one of the most popular ones.

Now she is going to marry an Englishman because she is in love with him, and no one has the heart to find fault with her for going away from home for her husband.

Miss Churchill is in the early twenties.

She is the very model of a Gibson girl. She is tall, unusually so, even for a smart New York girl, and she is slender and well rounded, and she walks as the duchesses in the novels are said to walk. Her greatest beauty is her hair. It is a burnished bronze, shimmering into auburn in the sunshine. Her greatest charm is her smile. She looks like a rather stately and unapproachable personage when she is serious. When she smiles she has dimples, and she smiles as if she had found this world a rather pleasant one to live in.

She made a great sensation at the Bradley-Martin ball. She appeared in brocade and patches as a lady of the French court, and created a furor by her picturesque beauty.

She has been abroad with her parents for some time. She was acknowledged belle in London and set all the British dowagers by the ears with her innocent unconcern. Many men in Europe have paid Mr. Churchill marked attention, but she fell in love, and when she did that her friends the match making was at an end. Miss Churchill is, comparatively speaking, the match making was at an end. Miss Churchill is, comparatively speaking, the match making was at an end.

Mr. Baring is one of the richest men in England. He belongs to the Baring banking family, whose motto is honor before everything.

He is first cousin to Lord Revelstoke, who is said to be engaged to marry Princess Victoria of Wales. If Lord Revelstoke does marry the Princess, the Gibson girl, as the London dowagers called Miss Churchill, will be able to call the Prince of Wales' family her cousins.

Harold Baring is just turned thirty. He is good to look at, a well set up, well groomed, unassuming young Englishman, who can shoot and ride like any Western cowboy—and who keeps a very cool hand upon the banking business of the world. He is not at all a gentleman of leisure. His great wealth is to him a charge to be looked after, and he wears his responsibility somewhat more seriously than do most rich young Americans. It is said that Mr. Baring met Miss Churchill at a garden party and fell in love with her at first sight. He showed his love so openly, like any great, honest school boy, that the match making mamma's gave him up in despair. He is

NEW STYLES FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL.

(For Illustrations See To-day's Photographic Supplement.)

THIS is the season of the outdoor Autumn girl, who is in reality, just the Summer girl, side over. She has abandoned the hotel veranda for the golf links and the hunting field. She has given up her duffy organdie frocks for stout Scotch tweed and gay riding jackets. She is braven and athletic, and the object of her existence is no longer moonlight flirtations, but vigorous outdoor sports in the bright Autumn sunlight.

The really fashionable athletic girl this October is a young person easy to distinguish. There is a touch of individuality about all her sporting clothes. Take the golf girl, who is the favorite outdoor girl of the season—she is not content with wearing a golf cape bought in the dry goods shops, no matter how pretty the plaid. Her cape must be of double faced tweed, with a decided odor of peat about it, and she buys it of a golf outfitter, who imports it straight from Hawick, Scotland.

Then it is absolutely essential, from her point of view, to have the "gloria" of the golf club to which she belongs. Embroidered on the collar of her coat, and also the initials of the club are engraved on its shining gilt buttons.

The smartly dressed golf girl has forsaken the bright red jacket. Just at present she is wearing a jacket of apple green cloth. She is also partial to subdued plaid shirt waists in the softest of French flannel.

The newest hat for the exclusive golf and bicycle girl is a round hat of soft felt, with a wing or cock's feather caught at the

right side instead of the left. The hats are fashionable in delicate gray and in varying shades of ecru.

Another coat, quite as much in favor, is a bright scarlet Eton, with gilt buttons. This little coat may be worn golfing or bicycling. When the golf girl dons it she is careful to see that the colors of her club are used for the collar. Frequently this makes the color combination most peculiar, as many of these scarlet coats are made up with a purple cloth collar.

In playing golf Highland gaiters, which come up to a peak in the back, are quite as much worn as the golf stockings. Both high and low shoes are used on the links. The soles are either made studded with hob nails or rubber disks.

The bicycle skirt of the Fall of '98 is very different from what it was a year ago. The new skirt is a trifle longer than the old one. It is shaped to a circle, with no suggestion of plaits or fullness at the back, and is a most convenient skirt for riding.

The "swell" woman who hunts has her costume made of corduroy. The skirt reaches to the calf of the leg, and both skirt and Norfolk jacket are made with plenty of big pockets, which are as conspicuous for their buttons as their size. With the up-to-date hunting suit a cloth hat, with a visor in the back and front called the "deer stalking" is worn.

The correct Autumn riding habit shows a cutaway coat in place of the old-fashioned polo bodice.

Scorpions as Pets of Soldiers.

NOT content with an innumerable army of pets in the shape of dogs, goats, cats, rams and leopards, the British soldiers in the Sudan have taken to training tarantulas and scorpions.

"Nearly every battalion," says a correspondent, "has a tin box full of these 'pets.' The 'Warwick' for example, have a very fine scorpion, which has earned a great reputation as a warrior. The other day a great fight took place between him and a famous tarantula belonging to the Camerons. There was free fighting on both sides, but the Warwick's champion won, killing his opponent after the third round—or rather sting. The fight took place in a tin basin.

"The scorpion lashed his tail with lightning rapidity at the tarantula, who warded and dodged the blows, endeavoring meanwhile to lay hold with his nipper-like jaws. Just at the critical moment of this historical encounter some profane person in the crowd of onlookers created a division by pricking the man in front of him with a mimosa thorn, at the same time saying, 'By jove, old man, he's aung you.' The result was a yell and a leap in the air from the victim of this joke, who, like every one else, had just then got scorpions very much on the brain.

"There is a tradition in this country that the scorpion will commit suicide when he sees that death is coming upon him. An interesting experiment was made here to test the truth of this, and the result